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THE PACIFICATOR.

A POEM.

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The Pacificator.

WHAT *Engliſh* Man, without Concern, can ſee
The Approach of Bleeding *Britain*'s Deſtiny?
That Glorious Land which Juſtly did Preſide,
For Wit and Wealth, o'r all the World beſide?
In vain Victorious *NASSAU* did Advance
His Conquering Arms againſt the Power of *France*,
Since from thoſe Conqueſts he is hardly come,
But here's a Civil War broke out at Home:
Britannia's Warlike Sons diſturb the Iſle,
Delighting one another to Diſpoil,
Enur'd to Diſcord, Envy, and Debate,
Hereditary Frenzies of the State.
The Fruits of Ten Years War they now prevent,
By Civil Feuds, and Private Diſcontent.
The Peace We Gain'd! Does it ſo Cheap appear,
To Prize ſo Low, what We have bought ſo Dear?
The Blood, the Treaſure, which has been Deſtroy'd!
Methinks We ſhou'd with War and Wounds be Cloy'd,
But 'twill not be, We cannot hope to find
That in the Birth which is not in the Kind:
For *Pride*, and *Strife*, are Natives of our Soil,
Freeholders born, and have Poſſeſs'd the Iſle
Long before *Julius Cæſar* Landed here,
Or *Picts*, or *Painted Brittons* did appear,
A ſtubborn People, Barbarous and Rude;
Who, like the *Kentiſh Men*, were ne'r Subdu'd.

Fierce *Engliſh Men*, in Blood and Wounds delight,
For want of Wars, with one another fight:

Nothi

Nothing's ſo dangerous to them as Peace,
To feed the Flame, and nouriſh the Diſeaſe;
No Laws can this Contentious humour Curb,
Their Charter's ſuch, they will themſelves Diſturb.
O *Julian*, *Julian*, who begun the Cry
Againſt our Safety, for our Liberty,
Who wou'd no Mercenary Troops allow,
Wou'd you Disband our Standing Army now?
Behold a Civil War is juſt at hand,
I'th' very bowels of your Native Land;
The ſtrong Contention's grown to ſuch a hight,
The Pen's already drawn, and has begun the fight.
The Pen's the certain Herald of a War,
And Points it out like any Blazing Star:
Men Quarrel firſt, and Skirmiſh with ill Words,
And when they're heated then they draw their Swords;
As little Bawling Curs begin to Bark,
And bring the Maſtive on you in the Dark.

We had ſome Jealouſies of this laſt Year,
Both ſides rais'd Forces, both in Arms appear;
But ſome Sage Doctors did them both Adviſe,
To make it up without Hoſtilities:
But the deep Quarrel's now of ſuch a Nature,
As *Magna Charta* fights with *Alma Mater*;
The *Doctors fight*, and who ſhall heal the Matter?
The Dreadful Armies are Drawn out to fight,
Encamp'd at large in one anothers ſight;
Their Standards are the *Red Roſe* and the *White*.
Nothing but dire Deſtruction does Impend,
And who knows where the fatal Strife will end?
The Men of Senſe againſt the Men of Wit,
Eternal fighting muſt determine it.

Great *Nokor* does the Men of Senſe Command,
Prince *Arthur* Trailes a Pike at his Right Hand;

Heroic *Nokor* made the firſt Attack,
And threw *Drammatick Wit* upon its Back;
Sixteen Battalions of *Old Brittons* ſtand,
Enrich'd with Conqueſt from the *Neuſtrian Strand*,
Ready to Charge when he the Signal makes;
And thus the Bloody Combat undertakes.
His Sence was good, but ſee what Fate Decrees!
His haſty Talent threw him on his Knees,
A Storm of Words the Hero overtook,
Diſorder'd all his Lines, and all his Squadrons broke.
The adverſe Troops pour'd in their *Light Dragoons*,
Charg'd him with *Forty thouſand Arm'd Lampoons*;
The Shock ſurpriz'd him into a Retreat,
And *Wits Gazette* Proclaim'd a huge Defeat;
Printed a Liſt of Wounded and of Slain,
And bragg'd he ne'r cou'd Rally up again.

But *Nokor*, like a Prudent General,
Reſum'd new Courage from a ſeeming Foil,
The ſame Campagne again in Arms appear'd,
And what the *Prince* had loſt, the *King* repair'd;
Apollo Knighted him upon the ſpot,
With other Royal Bounties I've forgot.
The Wits Commanders tho' they did retreat,
Will not allow it to be a Defeat;
Their Troops, they ſay, ſoon made a ſtand again,
Beſides they loſt but Thirteen thouſand Men.

C——r came next in order to the Charge,
His Squadrons thin, altho' his Front was large,
A modeſt Soldier, reſolute and ſtout,
Arm'd with a Coat of Senſe from head to foot;
No more than need, for he was hard put to't.
He Charg'd the ſtrongeſt Troops of all the Foes,
And gave them ſeveral ſignal Overthrows,

But over-power'd by multitudes of Wits,
By Number, not by Force oppreſs'd, retreats;
So Senſe, to Noiſe and Nonſence, oft ſubmits.
C——r's a calm and ſteady Combatant,
And puſh'd the forward Troops with brave Intent.
Modeſt, a Fault not known among his Tribe,
And honeſt too, too honeſt for a Bribe:
The Wits wou'd fain ha' bought his fury off,
And proffer'd him *Applauſe*, and Gold enough,
But 'twou'd not do, he boldly Charg'd again,
And by Ten thouſand Wounds at laſt was ſlain.
Some ſay he was by his own Men betray'd,
And baſely left alive among the Dead,
But I cannot underſtand how that can be,
For how can Treachery and Senſe agree?
In *Honours Truckle-Bed* the Hero lies,
Till Senſe again, *the Lord knows when*, ſhall riſe.

M——n, a Renegade from Wit, came on
And made a falſe Attack, and next to none;
The Hypocrite, in Senſe, could not conceal
What Pride, and want of Brains, oblig'd him to reveal.
In him the Critick's ruin'd by the Poet,
And *Virgil* gives his Teſtimony to it;
The Troops of Wit were ſo enrag'd to ſee,
This Prieſt Invade his own Fraternity,
They ſent a Party out, by Silence led,
And without Anſwer ſhot the *Turn-Coat* Dead.
The Prieſt, the Rake, the Wit, ſtrove all in vain,
For there, alas, he lies among the ſlain,
Memento Mori; ſee the Conſequence,
When Rakes and Wits ſet up for Men of Senſe.

But Senſe ſtill ſuffer'd, and the ſhock was rude,
For what can Valour do to Multitude?

The General ſent for help both far and near,
To *Cowley*, *Milton*, *Ratcliff*, *Rocheſter*,
Waller, *Roſcommon*, *Howard*, and to *Bhen*,
The Doubtful Fight the better to maintain;
Giants theſe were of Wit and Senſe together,
But they were dead and gone *the Lord knows whether*.
The ſwift Expreſs he then Commands to fly,
To *D*——, *M*——, and *N*——,
To ſend their Aid, and ſave him from Defeat,
But their United Council was Retreat,
Reſerve your Fortunes for a better Day;
So Sailors, when the Ship's a ſinking, Pray.
Theſe are the Sages who Preſide o'r Senſe,
And Laws to all the Common-wealth Diſpence,
But Wealth and Eaſe anticipates our fate,
And makes our Heroes all degenerate,
The Muſes high Preferments they poſſeſs,
And now their Pay's ſo great their Pains decreaſe;
So *R*—— fought, ſo *H*—— too fell on,
Till Lords of *O*—— made and *T*——.

And now the Wits their Victory Proclaim,
Loaden with Spoils of Senſe, and ſwell'd with Fame;
Their Plunder firſt they carefully beſtow,
And then to ſpread their Conqueſt farther, go,
Their Troops divide, their Terror to extend,
And God knows where their Ravages will end.

D——*s* Commanded the Forlorn of Wit,
A ſtiff Politiſh Critick, very fit
The open Country to over-run,
And find out all Mens Errors but his own;
His *Stony-Stratford Miſtreſs* read his Fate,
A Slovens Fancy, and an Empty Pate.

But now Commiſſion'd by the Jingling Train,
He has his Thouſands, and Ten Thouſands ſlain:
He, like the *Tartars*, who fore-run the *Turks*,
Eaſie to be diſtinguiſh'd by his Works,
With equal Havock, and deſtructive Hate,
Leaves all the Land he treads on Deſolate;
He roots up Senſe, and ſows the Weeds of Wit,
And *Fops* and *Rakes*, ten thouſand ſtrong, ſubmit.

C——e and *D——n*, *H——s* and *M——x*,
D——y, and everlaſting Fops, and Beaus,
Led up the Battel Fifty thouſand ſtrong,
Arm'd with *Burleſque*, *Bombaſt*, and *Bawdy-Song*;
Fleſh'd with Great *C——*'s Slaughter they led on,
Shouting *Victoria*, the Day's their own.
No Bounds to their Licentious Arms they know,
But Plunder all the Country as they go,
Kill, Raviſh, Burn, Deſtroy, do what they pleaſe!
The *French* at *Swamerdam* were Fools to theſe.
The Cruelties they Exercis'd were ſuch,
Amboyna's nothing, they've out-done the *Dutch*;
Never ſuch Devaſtation ſure was known,
A Man of Senſe cou'd not be ſeen in Town.
T——n, even Hackney *T——n*, wou'd not Print,
A Book without Wits *Imprimatur* in't;
And as in Revolutions of the State,
Men ſtrive the preſent things to imitate,
So when the Wits, and Fops, had got the beſt,
Men Acquieſc'd, and took the Oaths and Teſt:
Few wou'd be Martyrs for their Underſtanding,
But all went over at the Prince's Landing;
So Story tells, in *Crook-back'd Richard*'s Time,
Folks wore falſe Humps to make them look like him.

News, haſty News, the Poſt is juſt come in,
Nokor has Rally'd all his Troops again ;
In a Pitch'd Field he met the haughty Foe,
And gave them there a total Overthrow,
The Slaughter's great, the Soldiers ſtill purſue,
For they give Quarter but to very few ;
Wits Routed, all the Beaus are quite undone,
Their General's ſlain, their Army's fled and gone.
See the uncertain fate of humane Things !
Change lays its fickle hands on States and Kings ;
This bloody Battel has undone us all,
Wit from its Glorious blazing Throne will fall,
For all the Flower of Gallantry, and Wit,
Was liſted here, and overthrown in it.

The Florid G——*h* was General of Horſe,
And loſt his Life and Fame too, which was worſe ;
The Credit of this new Commander brought,
With hopes of Plunder, many a Coward out,
Who hitherto had very wiſely choſe,
The Name of Wits, but had declin'd the blows.
'Twas diſmal to behold the Field of War,
What Deſolation Wit has ſuffer'd there,
Whole Squadrons of *Epick Horſe* appears,
Trod down by his Heroic Curaſſiers,
G——*h* loſt his Darling Satyrick Dragoons,
And two Brigades of Light Horſe, call'd *Lampoons*,
Old Soldiers all, well beaten to the Wars,
Known by their *Roughneſs*, *Uglineſs*, and *Scars* ;
Fellows, the like were never heard nor read of,
" *Wou'd bite ſometimes, enough to bite one's Head off*,
Nor cou'd their ſwiftneſs their Eſcape procure,
For *Nokor*'s Fury nothing cou'd endure :
Enrag'd with former Loſſes he fell on,
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or be quite undone,

Whole Wings of Foreign Troops he overthrew,
Whom *G——h* from *France* to Wits aſſiſtance drew,
Something the Matter was thoſe Troops betraid 'em,
He ill Procur'd them, or he had not Paid 'em;
'Twas a dull fancy in him to think fit,
To poliſh Engliſh Senſe with Foreign Wit.

Among the Foot the Battel was ſevere,
For Wits beſt Troops were wiſely planted there,
Led up by old Experienc'd Commanders,
As *D——n*, *C——e*, *A——n* and *S——s*.
The Granadiers were known by their Blue Bonnets,
For they had been in *Scotland* making Sonnets;
Pun-Maſter-General *D——y* led them on,
And with his Chattering Tunes the fight began.
His Orders were to Charge, and then retire,
And give the Body liberty to fire;
Ten Regiments of Plays ſtood on the Right,
Led on by General *D——n* to the Fight;
The Tragedies had made ſome ſmall pretence
To Mutiny, and ſo Revolt to Senſe.
For *D——n* had ſome Senſe, till he thought fit
To Dote, and lately *Deviate into Wit*;
The Reaſon's plain, and he has found it true,
He follow'd Wit which did too faſt purſue.

The Left was form'd of ſeven large Brigades,
Of *Farces*, *Opera's*, and *Maſquerades*,
With ſeveral little Bands of *Dogrel* Wit,
To Scowre the Ways, and Line the Hedges fit.

Between theſe mighty Wings was rang'd in ſight,
A ſolid Phalanx of Compounded Wit;
Ten thouſand *Lyrick Foot*, all Gallant Beaus,
Arm'd with *ſoft Sighs*, with *Songs*, and *Billet-Doux*.

There was Eight thouſand *Elegiack* Foot,
By *Briny Tears* and *Sullen Grief* made ſtout;
Five Paſtoral Bands, lately bred up in Arms,
By Chanting *Gloriana*'s Mighty Charms,
And Thund'ring out King *WILLIAM*'s loud Alarms.
Pindarick Legions, ſeven I think appear'd
Like *Brandenburghers*, with the Enchanted Beard,
For Lions Skins, and Whisker's late ſo fear'd.
Theſe were led up by able old Commanders,
As *C——e*, *H——s*, Soldiers Bred in *Flanders*,
With *D——s*, *D——y*, *T——n*, Dull *M——x*,
B——r, *W——y*, *P——s*, *Fops* and *Beaus*,
Dull *T——e*, and Pious *B——y*, Old *T——e*,
G——n, *Tom B——n*, and many a Subaltern;
Some Flying Troops were plac'd in Ambuſcade,
Mock-Wits, *Beau-Wits*, and Wits in Maſquerade,
Some *Amazonian* Troops of Female Wit,
For Oſtentation, not for Combat fit;
The Witty *D——t* appear'd there too,
Whoſe Wit's in Proſe, but all *Incognito*.
There was one *Caledonian* Voluntier,
With ſome *Hibernian* Wits brought up the Rear;
The whole, as by the Muſters may be ſeen,
Was Ninety ſeven thouſand Fighting Men.

All theſe drawn up, and ready to Engage,
Old General *D——n*, with a Pious Rage,
That the Great Work might with ſucceſs go on,
Firſt Sacrific'd to the *Emperor o' th' Moon*;
The Poet and the Prieſt alike in Fame,
" *For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame.*

When *Nokor*'s Conquering Troops began t' appear,
They found a very warm Reception here,

He had Invok'd the *Gods of Wit* before,
And vow'd to make their Altars ſmoke once more,
With *Bloody Hecatombs* of Witty Gore.
Swifter than Lightning at their Hoſt he flew,
His Word was *D*——, *D*——, *M*——,
His Squadrons in Poetick Terror ſhone,
And whiſper'd Death to Wit as they came on:
The ſtrong Brigades of his Heroic Horſe,
Dreadful for Senſe, for Pointed Satyr worſe,
Wing'd with Revenge, in fiery Raptures flew,
And dipt in Poiſon'd Gall the Darts they threw;
Nothing cou'd *Nokor*'s furious Troops withſtand,
Nor cou'd he check them with his own Command.
The Troops of Wit, Diſorder'd, and O'r-run,
Are Slain, Diſperc'd, Diſgrac'd, and Overthrown;
The Shouts of Triumph reach the diſtant Sky,
And *Nokor* lies Encamp'd in the Field of *Victory*.

Theſe are the doubtful dark Events of War,
But who *Britannia*'s Loſſes ſhall Repair?
For as when States in Civil Wars Engage,
Their Private Feuds and Paſſions to aſſwage,
The Publick ſuffers, harmleſs Subjects bear
The Plagues, and Famines, which attend the War.
So if we this Deſtructive War permit,
Britain will find the Conſequence of it,
A Dearth of Senſe, or elſe a Plague of Wit;
For Wit, by theſe Misfortunes deſperate,
Begins to arm at an unuſual rate,
Levies new Forces, gives Commiſſions out,
For ſeveral Regiments of Horſe and Foot,
Recruits from every ſide come in amain,
From *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *Will*'s, and *Warwick-lane*,
The ſcatter'd Troops too, from the laſt Defeat,
Begin to Halt, and check their ſwift Retreat:

In numerous Parties Wit appears again,
Talks of another Battel this *Campagne*,
Their ſtrong Detachments o'r *Parnaſſus* range,
And meditate on nothing but Revenge.

To whom ſhall we Apply, what Powers Invoke,
To deprecate the near impending ſtroke?
Ye Gods of Wit and Arts, their Minds inſpire
With Thoughts of Peace, from your Pacifick Fire;
Engage ſome Neighbouring Powers to undertake
To Mediate Peace, for *Dear Britannia*'s ſake;
Pity the Mother rifl'd of her Charms,
And make her Sons lay down Inteſtine Arms.
Preliminary Treaties firſt begin,
And may ſhort Truce a laſting Peace let in,
Limits to Wits Unbounded Ocean place,
To which it may, and may no farther paſs;
Fathom the unknown Depths of ſullen Senſe,
And Purge it from its Pride, and Inſolence,
Your ſecret Influences interpoſe,
And make them all diſpatch their *Plenipo's*;
Appoint *Parnaſſus* for a Place to meet,
Where all the Potentates of Wit may Treat,
Around the Hill let Troops of Muſes ſtand,
To keep the Peace, and Guard the Sacred Land;
There let the high Pretenſions be diſcuſs'd,
And Heaven the fatal Differences adjuſt.

Let either ſide abate of their Demands,
And both ſubmit to Reaſon's high Commands,
For which way ere the Conqueſt ſhall encline,
The loſs *Britannia* will at laſt be thine.

Wit, like a haſty Flood, may over-run us,
And too much *Senſe* has oftentimes undone us:
Wit is a Flux, a Looſeneſs of the Brain,
And *Senſe-abſtract* has too much Pride to Reign:
Wit-unconcoct is the Extreme of Sloth,
And too much *Senſe* is the Extreme of both,
Abſtracted-wit 'tis own'd is a Diſeaſe,
But *Senſe-abſtracted* has no Power to pleaſe:
For Senſe like Water is but Wit condenſe,
And Wit like Air is rarify'd from Senſe:
Meer Senſe is ſullen, ſtiff, and unpolite,
Meer Wit is apoplectick, thin, and light:
Wit is a King without a Parliament,
And *Senſe* a Democratick Government:
Wit, like the *French*, where e'r it reigns Deſtroys,
And *Senſe advanc'd* is apt to Tyrannize:
Wit without Senſe is like the *Laughing-Evil*,
And *Senſe* unmix'd with *Fancy* is the *D——l*.
Wit is a Standing Army Government,
And *Senſe* a ſullen ſtubborn P——t:
Wit by its haſte anticipates its Fate,
And ſo does *Senſe* by being obſtinate:
Wit without Senſe in Verſe is all but *Farce*,
Senſe without Wit in Verſe is all *mine A——*.
Wit, like the *French*, Performs before it Thinks,
And Thoughtful *Senſe* without Performance ſinks:
Senſe without *Wit* is flegmatick and pale,
And is all Head, forſooth, without a Tail:
Wit without *Senſe* is cholerick and red,
Has Tail enough indeed, but has no Head.
Wit, like the Jangling Chimes, Rings all in One,
Till Senſe, the Artiſt, ſets them into Tune:
Wit, like the Belly, if it be not Fed,
Will ſtarve the Members, and diſtract the Head.

Wit is the *Fruitful Womb* where Thoughts Conceive,
Senſe is the *Vital Heat* which Life and Form muſt give:
Wit is the *Teeming Mother* brings them forth,
Senſe is the *Active Father* gives them worth.
United: Wit and *Senſe*, makes Science thrive,
Divided: neither *Wit* nor *Senſe* can live;
For while the Parties eagerly contend,
The Mortal Strife muſt in their Mutual Ruin end.

Liſten, ye Powers, to *Loſt Britannia*'s Prayer,
And either ſide to yielding Terms Prepare;
And if their Caſes long Debates admit,
As how much Condeſcention ſhall be fit,
How far *Wits* Juriſdiction ſhall extend,
And where the ſtated Bounds of *Senſe* ſhall end,
Let them to ſome known Head that ſtrife ſubmit,
Some Judge Infallible, ſome *Pope in Wit*,
His Triple Seat place on *Parnaſſus* Hill,
And from his Sentence ſuffer no Appeal:
Let the Great Balance in his Cenſure be,
And of the Treaty make him *Guarantee*,
Let him be the Director of the State,
And what he ſays, let both ſides take for Fate:
Apollo's *Paſtoral Charge* to him commit,
And make him *Grand Inquiſitor* of Wit,
Let him to each his proper Talent ſhow,
And tell them what they can, or cannot do,
That each may chuſe the Part he can do well,
And let the Strife be only to Excel:
To their own Province let him all confine,
Doctors to Heal, to Preaching the Divine;
D——n to Tragedy, let *C——b* Tranſlate,
D——y make Ballads, Pſalms and Hymns for *T——e*:
Let *P——r* Flatter Kings in Panegyrick,
R——ff Burleſque, and *W——y* be Lyrick:

Let C——e write the Comick, *F*——*e* Lampoon,
W——*ly* the Banter, *M*——*n* the Buffoon,
And the Tranſgreſſing Muſe receive the Fate
Of Contumacy, Excommunicate.

Such as with Railing Spirits are poſſeſs'd,
The Muſes Frenzy, let them be ſuppreſs'd,
Allow no Satyrs which receive their Date
From *Juno*'s Academy, *Billinſgate*;
No Banters, no Invective lines admit,
Where want of Manners, makes up want of Wit.
Such as are hardned in Poetick Crimes,
Let him give up to their own fooliſh Rhimes;
Let thoſe Eternal Poets be Condemn'd,
To be Eternal Poets to the end:
Let *D*——*s* ſtill continue unpolite,
And no Man read what *Dull M*——*e* ſhall write,
Reduce him to his Letter-Caſe and Whore,
Let all Men ſhun him as they did before.
Let *M*——*n* talk for what he can't Defend,
And Banter *Virgil* which he ne'r cou'd Mend;
Let all the little Fry of *Wit-Profaners*
Reſt as they are, with neither Senſe, nor Manners,
Forſaken of *Apollo*'s Influence,
With want of *Language*, and with want of *Pence*:
What Fools Indite, let none but Blockheads Read,
And may they write in vain, who write for Bread:
No Banters on the Sacred Text admit,
Nor *Bawdy Lines*, that *Blaſphemy of Wit*:
To Standard Rules of Government Confine,
The Rate of every Bard, and Worth of every Line,
And let the Rays of their Ambition burn,
Thoſe *Phaeton-Wits* who this Subjection ſcorn:
If they aſpire to Invade the Government,
Bring them before the *Muſes Parliament*,
No Univerſal Monarchy admit,
A *Common-wealth*'s the Government for Wit.

F I N I S.